

Home Circle

A Motto For Life

"I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Gal. 2:20

"Not I, but Christ." Lord, let this be
A motto thru-out life for me.

His blood has washed my sins away;
His grace shall keep me all the day.

"Not I, but Christ." Then let the throne
Of this poor heart be his alone.

"Not I, but Christ." Lord, choose for me,
And make me love what pleases thee.

"Not I, but Christ." His will be done,
And mine with his be merged in one.

His eye to guide, his voice to cheer,
His mighty arm for ever near.

"Not I, but Christ." My daily food,
Like his, is found in doing good.

—American Messenger.

The True Spirit of Self-Sacrifice

The Evangelist.

"Harold," said Mamma Benton, coming down stairs one Sunday morning with her hat and coat on, "here is a bright new penny for the collection to-day."

"Grandpa gave me a penny, too," said he, showing a very coppery coin.

"Then you will have two to give," she said smiling. It was one of Mrs. Benton's regrets that she could not give Harold a larger piece of money to give to the Lord. But his papa was dead, and so she had to be satisfied when he at least did not go empty-handed.

Harold took the two pennies, and put them into his mitten, and trudged off by his mother's side.

"We can go to church if we are poor, can't we, sweetheart?" she used to say to him. And so every Sabbath morning, rain or shine, unless sickness prevented, they went together up to the house of God.

When he took off his mittens in church, out came the two pennies, the one so bright and the other so dark. He turned them over and over, and at last whispered to his mother "I'll save the gold penny for Sunday school."

"No," she answered, "give it now."

Harold shook his head. He was very fond of his Sunday school teacher, and he knew just how sweetly she would smile as the bright penny fell into the basket. Perhaps, too, she would mention it. No, he wouldn't give it now; he would save it until afternoon. Just then the collection plate was passed, and only the old copper was placed on it.

During the sermon the little gold penny was taken out and put back into the little kid mitten many times, while a struggle was going on in the little boy's heart. The penny had been given him for the church collection. But what difference did it make if he gave it in Sunday school? Still, that little inward monitor, conscience, told him that it belonged to the church collection.

He held it tight in his fat, brown hand as if some one were trying to take it away from him. Then he laid it down on the red cushions and admired the Indian's head.

The sermon was finished, the hymn was

sung, the people bowed their heads while the pastor pronounced the benediction, and the service was over. Mamma Benton helped Harold into his reefer, and then went to speak to others.

Harold stood in the pew. To do or not to do—that was the question? Should he or should he not? Yes, he would; and going over to the silver plates, where the treasurer was already gathering up the collection, with a face radiant with the joy which comes from inward victory, he laid down his gold penny. The stern, dignified treasurer never noticed the little man nor his deed, I am sorry to say.

"I think," said grandma, who had seen the affair unknown to him—"I think that if the Master had stood by, he would have said as he did of the widow, 'He hath given more than they all.'"

"And I think," said his mamma, "that Jesus did stand by, and that it was his approving smile that was reflected in the little fellow's face."

The Happiest Little Boy

Christian Observer.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day," asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

Well," said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a very rich little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa. "He wasn't rich; he had no candy and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, "who wasn't always wishing he was not such a little boy; and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."

"No," said papa. "He wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day; and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court to water them. But one poor, old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged, and dirty, and tousled, sping out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old leaky hat which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three—oh, as many as six times!—to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go with the rest."

"Did the sheep say, 'T,ant you!' papa?" asked Jim, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," said papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—Ruskin.

Sisters' Society C. E.

To the S. S. C. E.

Dear Workers and Friends of the S. S. C. E.:—Last week I gave you a rather hurried letter and said nothing about the Ashland Sisters' Society. Their work meeting was held a week before the regular time, which gave me an opportunity to meet with them.

The workers are equal in number to many of the societies in the larger churches, equal also in activity. They were ready not only to work out the dollar plan for the Washington church building, but they accepted four of the brick cards which they expect to use not only in their own Sunday school and community, but also among friends in adjoining towns.

Oh, that every church had a mighty "reaching out" spirit—"reaching out" with both arms, to give and to receive. May God forgive the church that is living chiefly for herself and in herself, and may He show her the beauty and duty of "reaching out." The congregational form of government becomes too congregational when the prayer offered in that church are filled with a high note of praise and thanksgiving to God, because they are favorably situated, for the privilege of meeting, week after week, in the holy sanctuary, and seldom, if ever, offer a petition for those who know nothing of the blessedness of such privileges. The spiritual (?) atmosphere grows oppressive, and one longs to rise up out of this form of selfishness. A ladies' aid society that refuses to adopt the S. S. C. E. constitution because of the added responsibility of the general work, because they would rather work in their own way, cannot expect the same prosperity as the society that organizes mainly that they may help to support the general work. The arm that receives never reaches farther or grows any stronger than the arm that gives. "But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours becomes a stumbling block to them that are weak."

I was much disappointed upon reaching Ankneytown to find no sister's society, the work having gone down two years ago. It was harvest time, the weather hot, and the meeting on Saturday night attended by a late and tired people. But they are willing workers and after Sunday school the next morning they were ready to reorganize with the firm purpose in their heart never to let the work die again. These frequent discouragements, when overcome thru Christ, in spite of the lack of human ability, are a blessing to me in many ways, chiefly to remind me that some of you are remembering me in prayer, and the result of my efforts is simply an answer to prayer. Shall we not together praise the Lord that he is thus mindful of our work: "praise him in the firmament of his power."

After the morning work at Ankneytown, it was time to start for North Liberty. This was an up-and-down hill drive, like a great toboggan slide, but for the extra heat and